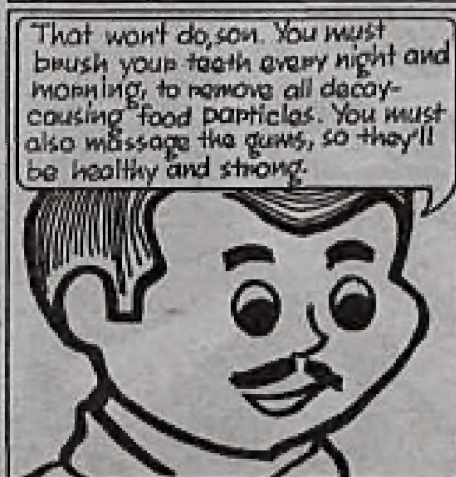
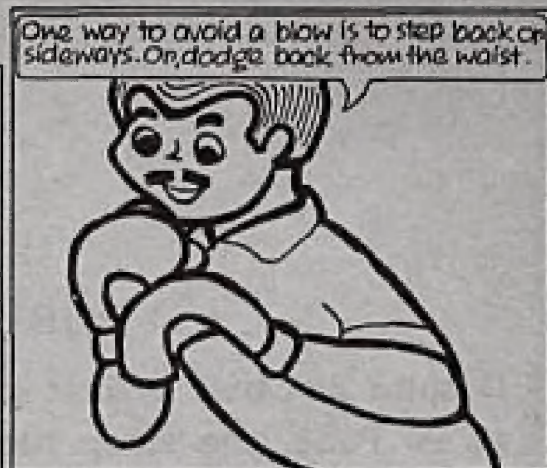


Learning to look after himself...





PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Despite our best efforts to contain the price of CHANDAMAMA at 90 Paise, the steep rise in various commodities, more particularly printing paper combined with its inadequate supply, has forced us to effect a rise of TEN PAISE from February, 1974. Henceforth your magazine will cost you a RUPEE exactly, and the annual subscription will go up to RUPEES TWELVE. This has not been a happy decision for us, but we had no option. We are confident that our readers, agents and well-wishers will extend their kind patronage as in the past.

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CHANDAMAMA

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No. 7

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CHANDAMAMA
WISHES YOU
A HAPPY NEW YEAR



BRIDE FOR THE KING

Long ago there lived in a village three brothers. They were very poor and so went to the king of the land seeking some occupation. The king said, "I am afraid, I don't have good jobs for you. However, you can go to the royal kitchen and help out there."

So all three went to the royal kitchen and began to work there. Of the three Sudarshan proved to be most efficient. So the king called the other two brothers and said, "I understand that Sudarshan does all your work. It seems you two are no good."

The two older brothers were crestfallen to hear this and resolved to get rid of Sudarshan. So they told the king, "Yes, Your Majesty, our brother is capable

of performing any task that you may set him."

So the king called Sudarshan before him and said, "Sudarshan I am sorry I haven't given you work best suited to your talents. But now I have a task for you. I intend to marry. So, go and find out the most beautiful bride for me."

Sudarshan was perplexed in the extreme to hear this. He stammered, "Your Majesty, how is that possible?"

The king spoke sharply. "Look here, youngman, I give you a week's time. If you don't bring back a beautiful bride, I'll cut off your head."

Poor Sudarshan had no option but to obey. Woebegone, he went back to the royal kitchen, where the kindly chef packed

some food for him. Sudarshan set off and passed through a dense forest. Feeling rather hungry he rested under a tree and opened his food packet. Just then an old crone appeared before him. Seeing her, Sudarshan hospitably invited her to share his simple fare. She ate his food gladly and then enquired where he was going. Sudarshan told her of the king's order. Then the old dame said, "Well, I'll help you. Go straight until you come to the castle of the wizards. There you will see many beautiful maidens. Do but blow on this magic horn which I give you and the wizards will leave you alone. In fact, they'll do your bidding."

Sudarshan thanked her for the advice and taking the magic horn walked towards the magic castle. Arriving before the gates he blew lustily on the horn, and soon all the wizards stood before him and said, "Master, how can we serve you?"

Sudarshan replied, "I want the loveliest maiden in the world."

The wizards said, "There are many lovely maidens inside the castle. But we cannot touch them. However, we'll take you inside."

Soon Sudarshan found himself inside the enchanted castle. But there seemed to be no one about. In one room he saw three princesses but they disappeared from



sight as soon they saw him. He searched for them high and low but could not find them.

He wandered round the castle and chanced upon three lemons lying on the ground. He picked them up and went his way. Soon he began to feel thirsty and taking out a lemon sliced it with his knife. At once he saw a beautiful face in the lemon, which cried out piteously, "I am dying of thirst. Give me water quickly." Sudarshan was astonished and searched for water. But before he could get some, the lovely maiden died. So it happened with the second fruit that he cut up. Then he resolved not to cut the third fruit and despite a parched throat went to the

palace and stood before the royal pond in the garden.

Once again he cut the fruit and a beautiful face cried out for water. Sudarshan scooped up some water from the pond and gave it to the maiden to drink who now stood before him in all her glory.

Then Sudarshan heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank God, my head is now safe." Then asking the lovely maiden to wait for him he went in search of the king.

In the meanwhile the royal chef's daughter came to the pond to draw some water and noticed the beautiful maiden sitting on the bank. She grew jealous of her beauty and qui-

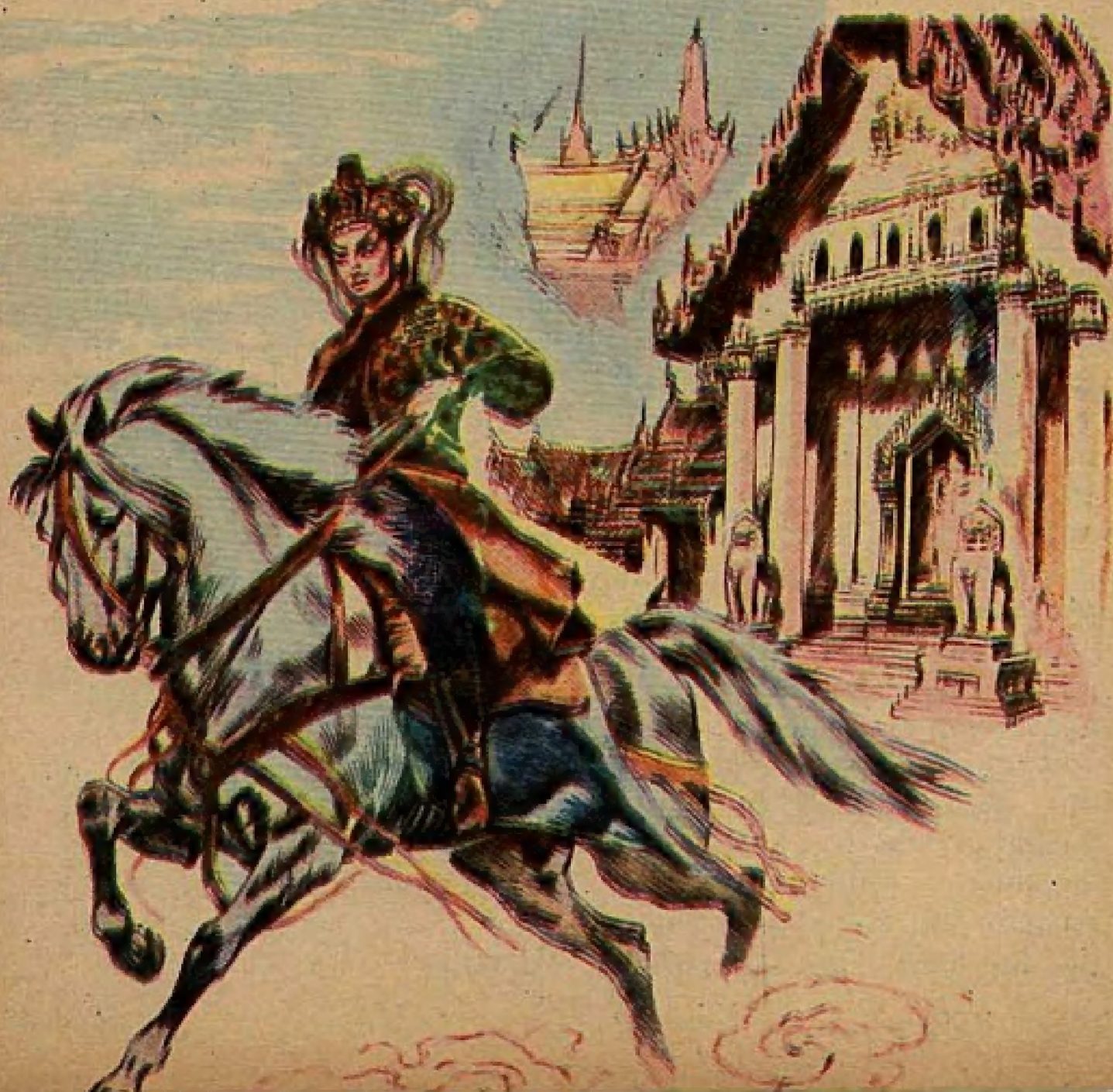


accepted and Aladdin's mother rushed back to say that the Emperor was on his way to visit them. The poor woman was terrified that when he saw their poor little house, the Emperor would throw them at once into prison, but Aladdin was not in the least alarmed. Rubbing the lamp, he told the Genie that he needed a huge palace at once,

just outside the city and a guard of honour to welcome the Emperor.

All was done as Aladdin commanded and the marriage was celebrated at once. The delighted princess settled down happily with her new husband and for several years all went well.

One day, when Aladdin was





out hunting, the princess heard a voice in the street calling out, "New lamps for old." It was Abanazar, who had heard of Aladdin's good fortune and was determined to get the lamp.

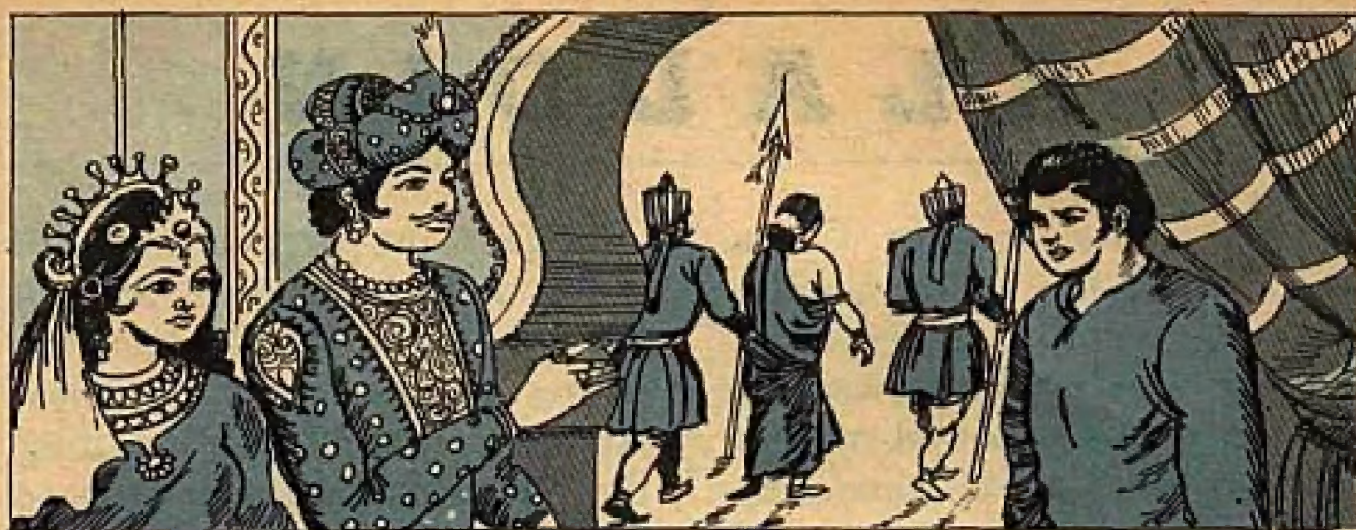
The princess remembered the dirty old lamp which her husband kept and thought how nice it would be to surprise him with a clean, new one, so she took the lamp down to the magician. He snatched it eagerly, summoned the Genie and had Aladdin's palace and the princess carried to the middle of Africa. When Aladdin returned, palace and princess were nowhere to be found.

When the Emperor heard of this, he threatened to cut off Aladdin's head unless his daughter returned safely. Aladdin did not know what to do, for he had no idea where

his palace had gone to, but accidentally he rubbed the ring on his finger and the Genie of the Ring appeared. Eagerly Aladdin ordered him to bring the palace and princess back, but the Genie of the Ring was not powerful enough to do this. However, he took Aladdin to the princess. When she saw him, she was overjoyed. Aladdin told her to get the lamp but she replied that the magician always kept it tucked in his waistband.

Aladdin told the princess to invite the magician to a great feast and gave her a sleeping potion to put in his wine. No sooner had dinner finished, than he was fast asleep and Aladdin pulled the lamp from his waistband. Summoning the Genie of the Lamp, he ordered that his palace should be returned to China.

When, next day, the sorrowing Emperor looked out of his window, he saw Aladdin's palace back in its former place. The Emperor was quickly reunited with his daughter and Aladdin and the princess lived happily ever after. When the old Emperor died, no one could think of a better ruler than Aladdin.



ckly commanded the maiden to give her all her jewels. Then she pushed the hapless maiden into the pond and sat on the bank.

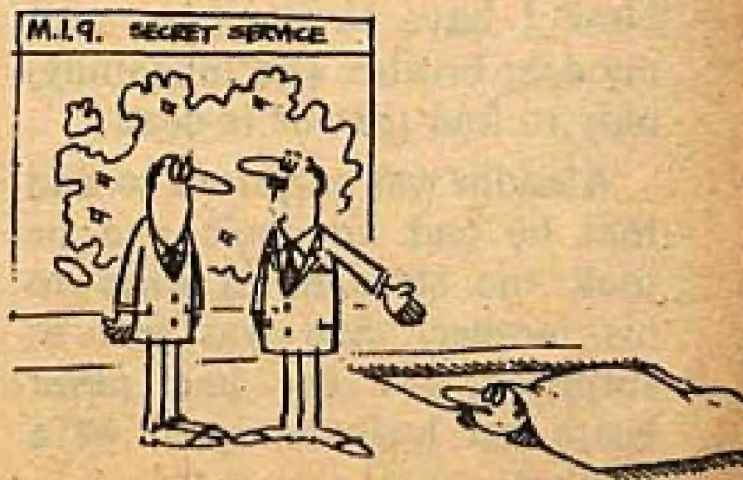
Sudarshan came back with the king, but was not a little astonished to see the ugly daughter of the royal chef sitting there in the finery belonging to the other woman.

The king became furious. He thought the two were playing a trick on him. So he shut them up in a prison. Next day, the gardener presented the king with a white fish which he claimed he had caught in the royal pond. The fish was sent to the royal kitchen to be cooked.

One of the attendants cut open the fish and hey! presto! a beautiful maiden stood before him. He ran to tell the king of this wonder.

The king hurried to the spot and saw the loveliest maiden standing before him. She related all that befell her and praised Sudarshan for his courage and bravery.

The king released Sudarshan and appointed him as the chief of the royal guard. Then he married the lovely maiden and lived happily ever afterwards. As for the ugly daughter of the royal chef, well, she was exiled and no one saw her again.



"This is 003, our undercover agent!"

ALADDIN

A long time ago, in China, there lived a boy called Aladdin. He was cheerful and intelligent, but so lazy that he was the despair of his widowed mother. Alladin spent all his time playing games in the street with companions who were just as lazy as he was, while his mother worked from dawn to dusk to earn enough money to buy food.

One day a stranger stopped by them and said, "You must be Aladdin, the tailor's son."

"Yes, sir, but my father has been dead for some years," replied Aladdin.

"Alas!" cried the stranger. "I did not know. I am your uncle and I have spent many years in business in Africa. Now I have to come to visit my dear brother and his family, only to find that he is dead."

Aladdin was surprised to find that he had an uncle and he took the stranger at once to his mother. She was just as surprised, for she had never heard her husband speak of a brother.

In fact, the stranger was not really Aladdin's uncle at all, but a magician called Abanazar, who came from Africa. Abanazar told Aladdin's mother that he was delighted to have found them at last. "I have enough money to keep all of us in comfort for the rest of our lives," he said.

Next day he took Aladdin to the tailor's and bought him new clothes. He bought new clothes for Aladdin's mother and the best food that was sold in the market.

"Aladdin," said the magician, "there is just one thing I would like you to do for me in return."

"What is it, uncle?" asked Aladdin. "I will do it with pleasure." The magician took him to a place a little way outside the city and told Aladdin to get some sticks. He set light to the sticks, poured some incense into the blaze and muttered some magic words. There was a peal of thunder and the earth opened to reveal a stone with a big iron ring set into it.

"Under this stone lies a treasure great enough to make us all rich for the rest of our lives," he said, "but you must do exactly as I tell you. Take hold of the ring and lift the stone."

Aladdin did as he was told and saw a steep stone staircase leading down into a dark cavern. "Go down the steps and you will find yourself in a great hall," said the magician. "Do not stop, but bring me back the lamp you find burning right at the end of the hall. Put out the flame and carry the lamp in your waistband." Abanazar then gave Aladdin a ring, telling him that it would protect him from evil. The lad put the ring on his finger and went down the stone steps. He found that the great hall was full of wonderful glittering stones which shone so brightly that they dazzled his eyes, but, remembering what Abanazar had told him, he did not stop. He went on until he reached the lamp. On the way back Aladdin stopped to pick up some of the glittering jewels. Then he returned to the mouth of the cave and asked Abanazar to help him out.

"First give me the lamp,"





called the magician, but Aladdin said that he would only give him the lamp when he was out of the cave. This made the magician so furious that he muttered some more magic words and the stone rolled back over the mouth of the cave.

Aladdin was terrified. He rubbed his hands together in despair, rubbing the ring on his finger as he did so.

Immediately, a Genie appeared. "I am the slave of the ring, O master," he said. "What is your command?"

"Take me home," said Aladdin and in a second he found himself in his own home.

Aladdin asked his mother for food, for he felt so faint. She had none left in the house, but she said she would go to buy some with the little money she had left. "Take this old lamp and sell it," said Aladdin. "We may get a few pence for it if we clean it." He began to rub the lamp and suddenly, as he rubbed it, a huge Genie appeared.

"I am the slave of the lamp, O master," he said. "Tell me what you require." Aladdin's mother was speechless with terror but Aladdin told him to bring food and a wonderful meal appeared before them.

When they had finished, Aladdin took some of the jewels he had brought from the cave and sold them and they had more money than they had ever thought possible. He was quite contented until one day, as he was strolling through the town, he saw the Emperor's daughter and fell in love with her at once.

Aladdin sent his mother to the Emperor's palace with the rest of the jewels from the cave and told her to present them to the Emperor and ask for his daughter's hand in marriage. The Emperor was so dazzled by the jewels, that he at once



THE FOUR FOOLISH WOMEN

Once upon a time there was an old woman who lived in Norway. One day, she was on the way to market to sell her old hen when she met the village butcher. The old woman thought to herself, "I can save some money by selling this hen to the butcher, instead of having to bargain in the market," so she asked him if he would like to buy it.

"Me! Buy that scraggy old hen?" exclaimed the butcher. "Yes, why not?" replied the old woman, "I only want ten shillings for it."

"You must be mad to expect me to pay that price," said the butcher. "But I suppose you

had better come back to my shop and we will see if we can come to some arrangement over the price." When they were inside the shop the butcher offered the old woman a glass of wine, but she was so thirsty that by the time she had finished, the bottle was empty. All this wine made her very sleepy and the old woman soon dozed off. The butcher noticed that she had fallen asleep. He went round to the back of his shop and fetched a tin of tar, an old brush and a sack of chicken's feathers. Then he covered the woman's clothes and face with tar and sprinkled the sackful of feathers over her.



A few hours later the woman woke up and found the butcher had gone and her money and the old hen had gone too. Then she caught sight of herself in the mirror. What a shock she had when she saw a feathered creature looking back at her. She was sure that she could not have grown any feathers when she was asleep, yet every time she moved the feathered creature in the mirror moved, too. "I will go back to my house," she said, "and if the calves and farm animals lick my hand and the dog does not bark I will know that I haven't really grown any feathers and I am just the same as usual." However, when the old woman reached her house, the dog barked and the calves ran away.

"It isn't me," thought the old woman. "I have turned into some strange bird." She climbed on to the house roof and beat her arms until they ached but she could not fly. As evening drew near, her husband returned to the cottage. Suddenly he saw the strange creature on the roof of the house and rushed into the house and fetched his gun. As he took aim his wife cried out, "Don't shoot. Don't shoot. It's your wife. Don't you recognise me?"

The farmer called her down off the roof of the house and said to her, "I don't want to live with a woman as foolish as you any longer. I am leaving home and I shan't come back until I have met three women who are more foolish than you."

He had not gone far when he saw a woman with a large basket. She was rushing in and out of a new house trying to cover the basket with her apron. "Thank goodness someone has arrived," she said, when she saw him. "I have been trying to take some sunlight inside the house with this basket, because it is so dark inside, but so far I haven't succeeded. I will give you five golden pounds if you

help me." The crafty farmer thought: "Here is another foolish woman. This is an easy chance to make five pounds." He said to the old woman, "I will certainly help you." He picked up an axe that was lying

on the ground and knocked down one wall of the house. The foolish old woman was so pleased that her house was full of light, that she immediately gave the farmer five golden pounds.

The next day, the farmer was passing another house when he heard screams and yells coming from it. As he peered cautiously round the door he saw a woman trying to pull some-thing which looked like a sack



over a poor old man's head. "Do you want to hurt that old man?" said the farmer to the old woman. "No, I am trying to make an opening in this shirt so he can wear it," she replied. "Oh poor me," groaned the old man. "I would willingly give ten golden pounds to the man who can put me out of this misery."

"Right," said the farmer. "I will help you." He took a pair of scissors and cut off the top of the man's shirt. The man tried it on and it fitted perfectly. He promptly gave ten pounds to the farmer, who walked out of the house thinking that this was the second foolish woman he had met. That night he came to a farm and asked for a room to stay in. The owner's husband had just died and his widow could talk of nothing but the poor man. As they were sitting down to dinner the woman said, "Did you know

my husband Peter?" "Of course I knew him," said the crafty farmer. "I have just come down from Heaven." "Really! How was he?" she asked.

"Poor man, I felt sorry for him. He did not have any money, clothes or food and he could not find a room to rent for the night." "How terrible," said the widow. "Will you do me a favour and take some of his things back to Heaven with you? Take some money, some clothes, some food and his horse and cart for I am sure he will use them." In the morning the man took all the things the farmer's wife had given him, but instead of going to Heaven as he had promised, he set off, back to his home. Now he could return, for he knew that there were at least three women in the world who had proved to be a good deal more foolish than his own poor wife.



GREEN FAIRY AND THE CHESTNUT TREE

Once, many, many years ago, there was a beautiful chestnut tree which grew along in the middle of a meadow. The children who lived near the meadow used to come and dance around the chestnut tree, singing and laughing gaily, while the sun shone on its leaves. The children would play beside the tree for many hours until at last, tired out with all their playing and laughing, they would lie down beneath the great tree and fall fast asleep.

However, in spite of being loved so much, the chestnut tree was not a happy tree. Like all the other trees and plants, it too wanted to grow and bear delicious fruits. It saw how each Spring the other trees were covered with blossom and in the Autumn there was fruit. It was how the children flocked round these trees to pick the fruit and play. In fact, the poor chestnut tree wanted more than anything else in the world to have fruit and blossom on its branches, but because it

did not have any at all, it often became very depressed and sad.

One bright Summer's day, the Green Fairy, the friend of all plants and trees, happened to be passing through the meadow. The great chestnut tree saw her coming and called out hopefully to her, "Oh, sweet Green Fairy, could I please have some fruit on my branches, like all the other trees and plants?"

The Green Fairy, who floated along on a cloud of blue and green stars, gave her reply to the tree. She said, "Very well, you shall have your wish, but you must wait until next year for it to happen."

The tree said, "Thank you," and with a puff of orange smoke the Green Fairy went on her way.

One afternoon when as usual the chestnut tree was feeling sad and depressed it heard a quite and timid voice. It was the voice of a hedgehog who was standing at its roots and looking up at it. "Please, kind tree, can you give shelter to my two sons, my wife and

myself in your big branches? We are being chased by some dogs and if they catch us I am afraid we might be eaten up," said the little hedgehog.

"Dry your tears," said the tree, "you can hide in my branches with your family at once."

The hedgehog and his family scrambled up into the tree and stayed there until the danger had passed. Then thanking the great tree very much they

scrambled back down again and ran off home.

A few days later the chestnut tree saw the Green Fairy floating on the cloud of blue and green stars. She stopped by the tree and said, "Dear chestnut tree, a little hedgehog has told me how you helped him and his family to escape when they were in danger. Is this story true?"

"Well, yes, it is as a matter of fact," replied the chestnut tree, rather shyly.

"Then you shall be rewarded for your kindness," said the Green Fairy. "From this moment on you shall have fruit on your branches."

Sure enough, as the great tree looked at its branches, there appeared green, prickly chestnut jackets with lovely brown chestnuts inside them.

"This is how your goodness and kindness to others is rewarded," said the Fairy and, with another puff of orange smoke, away she went.

From that day on, the great tree was no longer sad, in fact it was the happiest and loveliest tree on the Earth. It was happy to have fruits, as prickly as a hedgehog on the outside, but with lovely chestnuts inside.





Robin Hood and Maid Marian had been caught by a band of ruffians under Guy of Gisborne. Little John and Much the Miller, hoping to rescue them, followed their trail, but Guy of Gisborne saw them coming.

Robin could not warn his friends or his life would have been in danger. Marian, however, realised that nobody was taking any notice of her. Guy of Gisborne whispered to his ruffians; "Jump on them both when I give the word." Suddenly Marian shouted, "Little John—look out!"



Maid Marian's shrill voice rang through the forest. Guy of Gisborne spun round angrily. "Keep that girl quiet," he snapped. One of the ruffians seized hold of Marian and clapped a hand over her mouth, but it was too late.



Marian's shout reached the ears of Little John and Much the Miller. "That's Marian, warning us," exclaimed Much the Miller. "They are in that thicket," declared Little John gripping his cudgel. "Come on. To the rescue." As Guy of Gisborne thought there might be more outlaws there, he drew his knife and rushed at Robin whose hands were tied.

Robin Hood was in great danger and was quite unable to defend himself. Little John and Much the Miller, however, came to his rescue so speedily that in a flash Little John hurled his cudgel at Guy of Gisborne which hit him on the arm and knocked the knife out of his hand. Robin was saved. Then the fight began in earnest.

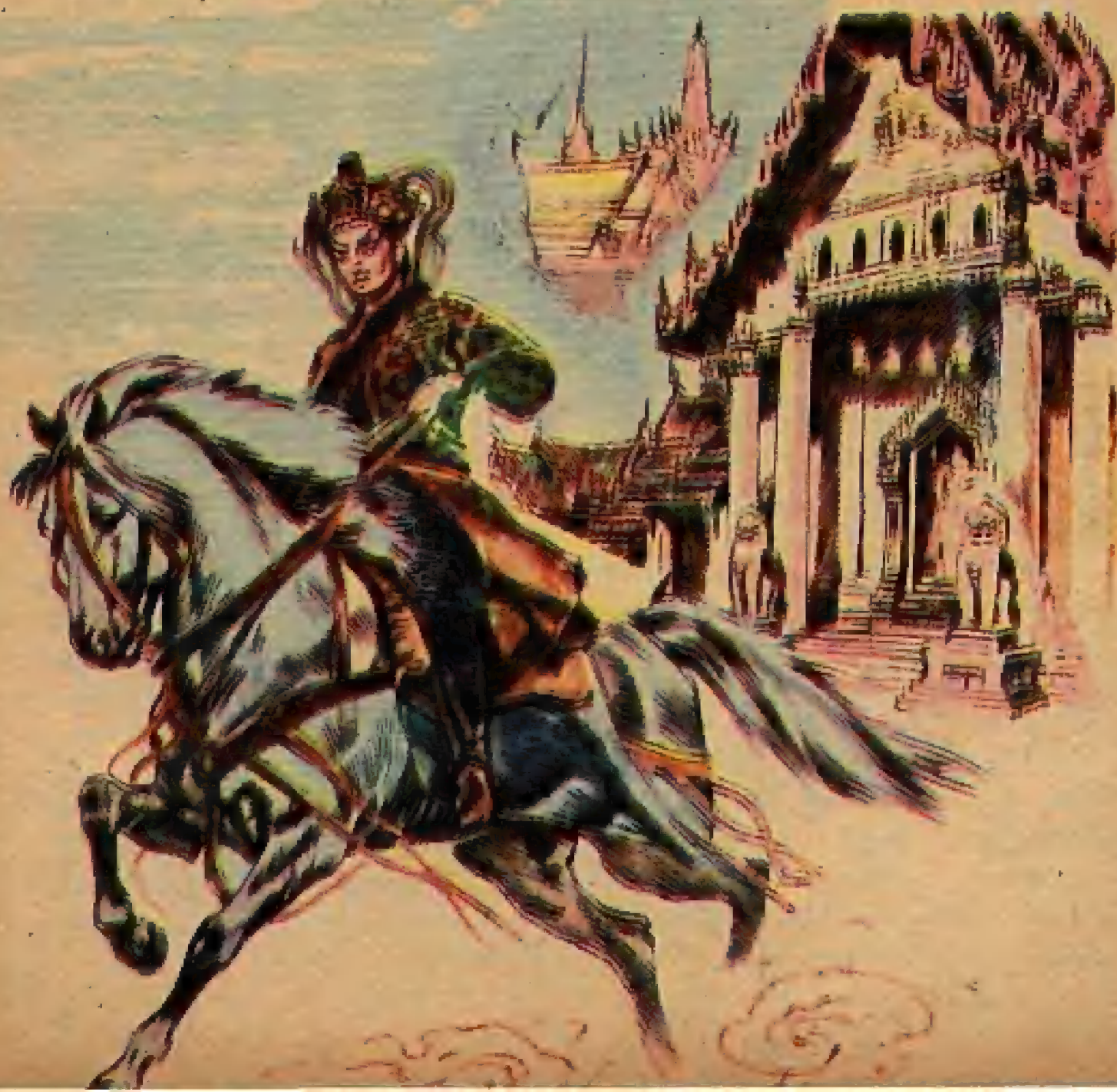


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his palace had gone to, but accidentally he rubbed the ring on his finger and the Genie of the Ring appeared. Eagerly Aladdin ordered him to bring the palace and princess back, but the Genie of the Ring was not powerful enough to do this. However, he took Aladdin to the princess. When she saw him, she was overjoyed. Aladdin told her to get the lamp but she replied that the magician always kept it tucked in his waistband.

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When, next day, the sorrowing Emperor looked out of his window, he saw Aladdin's palace back in its former place. The Emperor was quickly reunited with his daughter and Aladdin and the princess lived happily ever after. When the old Emperor died, no one could think of a better ruler than Aladdin.

The two outlaws fought valiantly. Meanwhile, Maid Marian snatched up the knife Guy of Gisborne had dropped. With swift strokes she cut the cords that tied Robin's hands and set him free to help his friends fight the enemy.



It was not long before the ruffians turned and fled from the anger of Robin Hood and his friends. Guy of Gisborne was livid with rage. As he turned to run he hurled a knife at Marian. "Take that," he shouted cruelly.

Just for a second, Robin saw that gleaming knife flying through the air towards Marian. "Look out, Marian," he cried, leaping forward. He was just in time to push her aside, but the knife intended for her struck him instead.





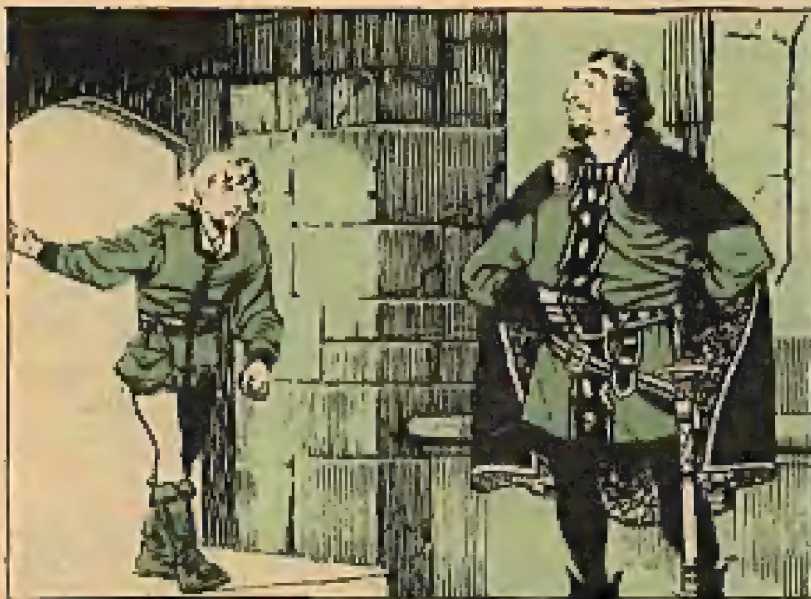
The knife struck Robin in the shoulder and he dropped to the ground, wounded. "Oh, Robin!" cried Marian, as she ran to his help. "Are you badly hurt?" "I'm all right," replied Robin, as he got up, clutching at his shoulder.

Meanwhile, Much, the Miller and Little John were chasing the ruffians out of the forest. They sent swift arrows after them but the fugitives dodged in and out amongst the trees and so escaped being hit by them.



Robin Hood was getting over the shock of his wound, "You saved my life, and I will never forget that, Robin," said Maid Marian. Then Little John returned. "They are running like rabbits, Robin," said he. "They won't be back!"

Much the Miller and Little John wanted to carry Robin to the outlaws' camp but he would not let them. "It is not as bad as all that," he argued. "Come on." They started on their long walk home through the green forest glades.



Back in Nottingham Castle, the Sheriff of Nottingham was anxiously waiting for *Guy of Gisborne* to return, bringing Robin Hood with him as a prisoner. When it was announced that they had arrived, the Sheriff's hopes ran very high.

Guy of Gisborne, however, had no prisoner and dared not tell the Sheriff that only two outlaws had defeated them in a fair fight. "We had a great battle," Guy of Gisborne told the Sheriff, "and we were outnumbered four to one."





Of course, it was not true and the Sheriff was not taken in by the lie. He was very angry indeed. "You will go back to Sherwood," he shouted, "and you will capture Robin Hood and bring him to me, or you will suffer for it!"

Guy of Gisborne realised the danger he was in. So he called his men together and vowed not to rest until Robin was caught. But it was quite different in the outlaws' camp, deep in the heart of Sherwood. Robin's merry men were overjoyed at his escape. They feasted and sang and danced beneath the stars as if they had not a care in the wide world. In spite of their gaiety, however, there was danger in the forest for the outlaws' and Robin knew it!





GHOST IN THE VILLAGE

Long ago, there lived a farmer called Ranjit. He lived happily with his wife, but one day she caught fever and within a week was dead. Heartbroken at his wife's death, Ranjit resolved never to marry again. So he appointed a woman named Pushpa as his house keeper.

Pushpa was a hard working woman and kept house neatly. But she was half witted and behaved like a fool. One day she said to Ranjit, "Why don't you marry me? After all, I do all your household work."

Ranjit laughed scornfully and replied, "Are you out of your head? Marry you? Never, I can never see you in my dead wife's place."

But from time to time, Pushpa pestered him with her demands, and weary of her

constant importunities, Ranjit determined to teach her a lesson.

One night, Pushpa fell asleep after a tiring day's work. Ranjit saw her snoring away, and quickly went to his cattle shed, where he kept his bullock cart. He took some black grease from the hub and smeared it all over Pushpa's face, hands and legs.

In the morning Pushpa got up with the crowing of the cock and went to wash her face. When she saw her reflection, she became frightened and thought she had been turned into a black spirit. She ran back to the house and standing in front of the door shouted, "Is Pushpa at home?"

From inside, Ranjit shouted back, "Yes! She is busy with household chores."



When she heard this, Pushpa's doubts became a certainty, and she ran outside. Two thieves who had planned to rob the house saw her and raised an outcry. "Ghost, Ghost," they shouted and ran off.

But Pushpa shouted, "Don't go! I won't harm you. I'll help you. Come back."

The two thieves were at first a bit hesitant, but plucking courage went back to her, and the three of them trudged on through the village. When they came to a house, they sent her into the cattle shed to drive out the cows which they planned to steal. Pushpa went in and called out loudly, "Which one

shall I drive out?"

The thieves said, "Don't shout so! Choose any and drive them out."

"But I don't know which one to choose. Do tell me?" Pushpa exclaimed loudly.

The householder hearing this noise came running out and the thieves took to their heels.

Pushpa ran after them. The householder seeing the dark figure of Pushpa thought it was a ghost and said 'so to his friends next morning.

The next night, the thieves raided another house, and again sent Pushpa to scout the location. This time she found a hen coop, and asked loudly what her partners wanted, the cocks or the hens? Again the householder woke up and dashed out. On seeing him, the thieves ran off with Pushpa in hot pursuit. As for the farmer when he saw the apparition that was Pushpa, he promptly fainted away.

Next day the village buzzed with rumours of a ghost, and as for the thieves they had been unlucky on both occasions and went without food for two days.

The third night, the thieves went off to do their act but did not take Pushpa with them.



Left alone, poor Pushpa who hadn't eaten for two days went to a nearby vegetable patch and plucking out some sweet potatoes began to eat them.

Seeing her in the darkness, the owner of the patch thought she was a ghost and went in search of the village witch doctor. The latter armed with the tools of his trade set out, and as the way to the vegetable patch lay through marshy land climbed on the farmer's back to cross the soft ground. Hearing the noise of footsteps, Pushpa thinking that the thieves were returning, called out loudly, "Well, was it good hunting

today? Did you get a nice morsel?"

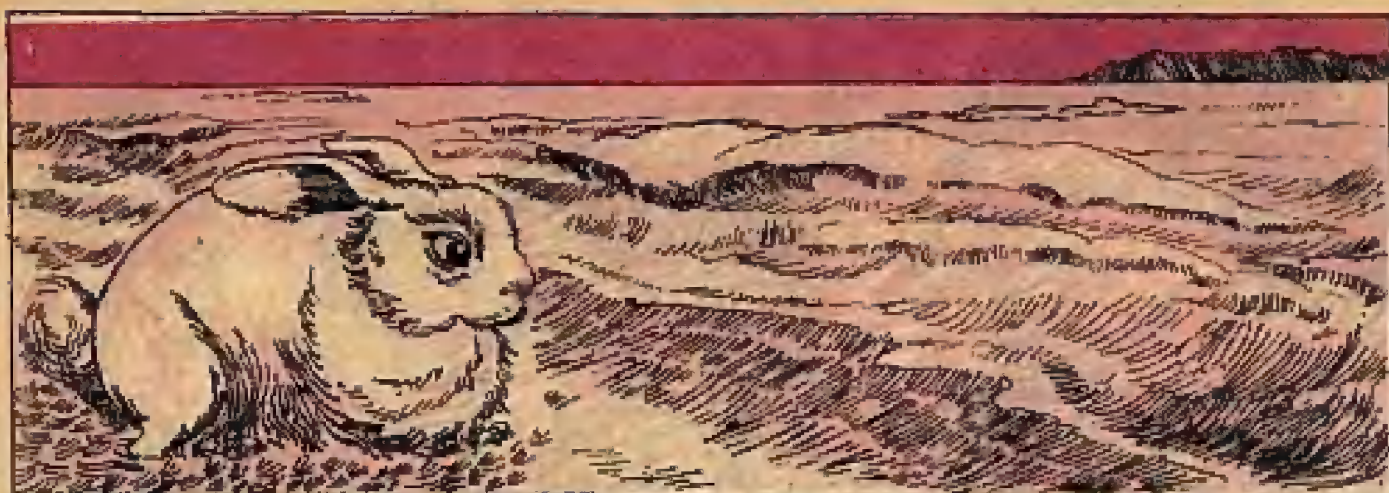
Hearing these words, fear got hold of the witch doctor and with a nervous yell he jumped off the back of the farmer and fell into the soggy mud. The farmer bolted from the spot as fast as his legs could carry him.

Now Ranjit had been watching Pushpa's activities and he could hardly contain his laughter. But at last he took pity on her, and took her home. He made her wash the grease off her body, and later married her himself. Pushpa now cured of her silliness, lived happily with Ranjit.



Light is the task where many share the toil.

—Homer



THE WHITE RABBIT

Rabbit Island was close to Japan and was full of lovely rabbits. As there were no other animals on the Island, the rabbits lived without any fear.

Though there were many kinds of rabbits there was only one white rabbit. Now this rabbit would lie on the sands and gaze at the blue sea. He wanted to go to Japan and see all the wonderful things he had heard about. All the other rabbits noticed the state in which white rabbit was and asked what was wrong.

White rabbit replied, "Ah! If I could only cross the sea and go to the land on the other side, I'd be able to see all the wonderful things in the world. I must go there at least once in my time."

The other rabbits laughed and said, "Don't be silly. If you leave this Island you will fall into danger. So don't go."

But white rabbit was in no mood to listen to advice and constantly thought about how he could cross over to the other side.

A certain crocodile that lived in the sea spurred the rabbit's curiosity by describing all the wonders of Japan. It would speak at length about the people, how finely they dressed and lived.

Said the crocodile, "Well, you must have heard about the beautiful princess who lives on the mainland. Daily hundreds of suitors come seeking her hand in marriage. Even now I heard that five princes

from a distant land are coming to Japan to press their suit with her."

White rabbit unable to contain himself any longer said, "Friend, crocodile, I am eager to see Japan and the lovely princess. Please take me on your back and drop me on the other side."

The crocodile replied, "Oh! How can that be? Won't the other rabbits be annoyed if I do that?"

But the white rabbit pleaded so much and so long that at last the crocodile relented and carrying him on its back crossed over to Japan. The white rabbit leaped ashore nimbly and skipped around in great joy. But suddenly a dog pounced and severely bit him all over the body. Sorely wounded, the rabbit ran for dear life and landed in a salt mound.

But that only increased his pain. So the poor creature hid behind a tree and bemoaned its fate. Then he determined to get back to his Island with the help of the crocodile. So when no one was about he dashed towards the shore.

Just then four horsemen dressed like princes came galloping along the shore. The rabbit

stopped in his tracks and overheard them talking about the princess.

When they neared him, the rabbit went up to them boldly and requested them to take him also to the princess. But they only laughed and said, "If the princess looks at you, she'll turn her face away." Then they galloped off.

The poor rabbit rolled about on the sand and this increased the pain from the raw wounds on his body.

Then a man dragging a lot of luggage came that way and noticed the forlorn rabbit. Gently he picked up the creature and said, "Alas! Who has done this to you?"





Then white rabbit related all that had happened and mentioned that four men had galloped off in that direction. The man said, "Ah! Yes. Those four are my older brothers. I am their youngest brother. We came to press our suit with the princess. But they treat me like a servant and I carry their luggage for them."

Then white rabbit asked, "Why don't you marry the princess? You seem a good sort."

The prince laughed at this simple statement and busied himself in dressing the wounds of the white rabbit. Then he said, "Oh! White rabbit, stay here and rest a while. I have put a salve on your wounds and you'll become handsome as before."

Then he went away and left the rabbit which soon fell asleep. Later he returned and took the sleeping rabbit with him to the palace.

Now the princess had rejected the suit of the other four princes.

Then the fifth prince entered the place with the white rabbit. The princess was enchanted with white rabbit whose fur glistened and shone like snow. She took the rabbit in her arms and caressed it. Then white rabbit related his adventure and urged her to marry the fifth prince who alone was good and kind.

So she married the fifth prince and lived happily. Since that time white rabbit has also lived there.

Life is an exciting business and most exciting when it is lived for others.

Hellen Keller



TWIN ADVENTURES

Once upon a time there was a fisherman who lived happily with his wife. Everyday he would sail on the high seas and catch a lot of fish which he sold for a handsome profit. Though he was contented, at times he would feel very sad because he had no heir to light his house.

One day when he was absent from home, an old crone came to his wife and said, "Well, it seems you and your husband long for a child. Do as I tell you. Ask your husband to catch a golden fish. Cut it into six bits. Eat one yourself, give one to your husband, another bit to the bitch, and the fourth to your mare. Bury the balance two on two sides of your front door. Do this and you'll get

what you desire." Then the old woman hobbled out of sight.

The fisherwoman did as she was bid. Her husband caught a golden fish in the sea and cut it up into six parts which were distributed as instructed by the crone.

After some time, the fisherwoman gave birth to boy twins, the bitch had a litter of two puppies, the mare foaled twice, and two large trees grew on either side of the front door.

The twins were as alike as peas in a pod. They could be told apart only by the dress they wore. One was named Jai and the other Vijay. As they grew up to be handsome lads, each one selected a horse, a dog and a tree for himself.

One day Jai and Vijay desired to travel round the world. But the old parents were not willing to send both at once. So it was decided that Jai would leave first, and when he returned from his travels, Vijay would be allowed to go.

Jai told his brother before leaving house, "Vijay, watch my tree carefully. If the leaves fade, know that my life is in danger."

Then he got on his horse and accompanied by his hound set out on his travels. Soon he reached a glittering city. He was tired and wanted to rest. Opposite the king's palace, he saw a humble cottage where dwelt an old woman who welcomed travellers and made them

comfortable. Jai elected to stay there.

That night, at dinner, he enquired whether there was anything exciting going on in the city.

The old woman replied, "Oh! Yes. The most exciting thing here is the beautiful princess. Her name is Swarnakeshini. But alas! all those who sought her hand in marriage failed to pass the test arranged by the king and were duly hanged."

Jai looked long at the palace and said presently. "Oh! Never mind that. Why should I worry? Come, let me sing you a song."

Then he began to sing. As his soulful melody reached out into the night, the palace windows opened, and Princess Swarnakeshini listened to his song in rapt admiration. When the song stopped, she sent her guard to bring the singer over to the palace.

She fell in love with Jai straightaway and wanted to marry him. She ran to her father and shyly announced her desire. Her father, the king not wanting to displease her called Jai to his side and said, "Young man, my daughter wants to marry you. But I must be satisfied that you are a worthy



suitor. If you can pass the test I shall arrange, you can wed my daughter. If you fail, I shall hang you. So, think well."

But Jai exclaimed, "Sire, I have no desire to marry your daughter."

"What!" cried the astonished king, "you don't wish to marry her?"

Seeing that the king was getting angry, Jai said quickly, "However, I shall be happy to take part in the test."

Slightly mollified by this answer, the king took him to an open field and showing him a log of wood said, "Tomorrow morning, you must cut this log into two with one stroke of your blade."

Jai nodded his head and came back to the cottage worried at how he was going to accomplish that task. The princess who missed his song came and anxiously asked him why he did not sing. When he told her of the stiff feat ahead of him, she said, "Don't worry. Wrap this strand of hair round your blade and strike hard. Everything will be alright."

Next Day, Jai went out to the field and with his blade split the log into two equal parts. The surprised king said,



"Good! Tomorrow you must ride round this field three times, all the while holding in each hand a pitcher of water which must not spill on the ground."

Again Jai returned to his humble dwelling thoroughly downcast. Swarnakeshini came running and hearing the cause of his sorrow said, "Don't worry. I'll help you. Take my earrings and drop them into the pitchers. The water will freeze and you can ride round the field easily."

So the next day, Jai rode round the field with great confidence, and not a drop fell on the ground. The king was even more astonished and said, "Well, young man, so far so good. But there is yet one more task to be



attempted. You must wrestle with my champion, and throw him down."

Jai thought about this and was sure there was a catch somewhere. When he went home, Swarnakeshini was waiting for him and quickly she said, "I know what this last task is. My father gives me a drug that will transform me into a demon. It is with me that you'll have to wrestle. But don't worry. Sprinkle this water on me, and I'll drop to the ground in a faint. Then you can claim victory."

And so it came to pass. Jai emerged triumphant, and the happy king cried out, "Tomorrow, I'll celebrate the wed-

ding of my daughter to you, brave lad."

But as Jai was not keen on marrying the princess, that night he stole out of the cottage and galloped off very fast. Soon he reached a neighbouring country, the capital of which lay on the sea coast. When he reached the city by the sea, he saw a huge crowd of mourners going towards the sea shore. He went along with them and saw a comely maiden tied to a rock. She was weeping bitterly. Jai asked what ailed her.

The maiden replied, "Sir, today I must be devoured by the dragon that lives in the sea. Although I am the princess of this land, fate has dealt me a harsh blow."

Jai comforted her and prepared to meet the dragon which was even then surfacing from its watery lair. A fierce battle ensued and at last the dragon was slain. The king rejoiced at Jai's victory and married his daughter to him.

One day Jai went into the forest to hunt and came to a lonely cottage. A wicked witch lived here, and when she saw Jai, she touched him with her magic wand and alas! the poor fellow and his horse and dog

were all turned to stone.

At about this time, the leaves on Jai's trees began to droop and fade and Vijay, knew that something dreadful had happened to the other twin. So he saddled his horse and rode out in quest of Jai.

At last he reached the city by the sea and heard that Jai had married the royal princess. He went to the palace and the king who mistook him for the other twin said, "Where have been? We've searched all over for you!"

But Vijay not bothering to reply went in search of his brother. He did not care to speak to the princess also, who was hurt because she thought her husband had deliberately ignored her.

Then Vijay learnt that his brother had not returned from the hunt.

So he galloped off in the direction of the old woman's cottage. As he neared the witch's lair, he saw the still statues of his brother and the faithful animals. At once he became cautious and tip-toed into the cottage. When the witch saw him, she shrieked loudly and brought out her magic wand.

But Vijay snatched it from her hand, and his dog leaped for



her skinny throat. 'At this the witch screeched piercingly and implored Vijay to save her. But he refused to do anything unless his brother was restored to life.

So the witch said, "Take this red wand. If you touch a dead person with this, he'll come to life. This green wand will turn anyone into a stone statue." Vijay spared her life.

Taking the magic wands he went straight to his brother and brought him back to life. Then the dog and the horse were also restored to their original forms.

As the brothers were returning home, Vijay related all that had happened and said "It's a funny thing we're twins. Even your wife mistook me for you."

At these words, Jai lost his temper and drawing out his sword slew his brother on the spot. Then followed by the faithful hounds and Vijay's horse, he galloped to the palace. There he found his wife weeping her heart out. So he said, "What's the matter? Why do you cry? Here I am back, safe and sound."

His wife replied, "Yesterday, you were so cruel to me. You turned your face away from me. Oh! I was so heartbroken."

When he heard her say this, Jai realised what a terrible injustice he had done to his brother. So quick as thought he rode back with the magic wands and restored Vijay to life. Vijay did not seem angry at all and asked, "What happened? Was I thrown off my horse or what?"

Then Jai humbly begged pardon for his misdeed and related how he had acted hastily in

misjudging the good nature of his brother. Of course, Vijay was generous in his forgiveness and all three were reunited.

Then Jai told his brother about his encounter with Swarnakeshini and asked Vijay to marry her.

Next day Vijay went to Swarnakeshini's palace, and the sorrowing princess's face flushed with happiness.

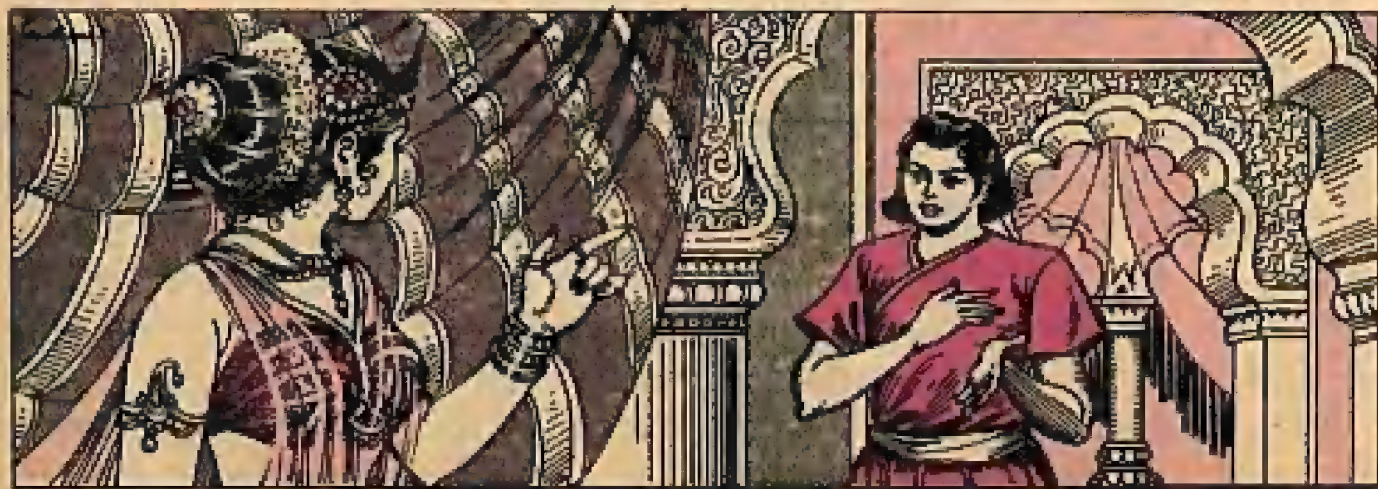
"Oh! We've searched everywhere for you. Where did you go? See the marriage preparations are on."

Vijay replied, "Princess, I am not Jai, I am Vijay."

Swarnakeshini said, "What's in a name? I desire to wed you, not your name."

Vijay realised it was useless to offer an explanation. So he married her, and was made king of the land soon after.

Thus Jai and Viay lived happily ever afterwards.





THE PARROT'S PROPHECY

Long ago there lived a farmer called Kapurchand. He was not a bright fellow and could hardly do anything right. His parents were disgusted with his foolishness and did not bother about him. Even his wife began to think lowly of him.

Kapurchand felt so humiliated by all this that, one day, he ran away from home. On the way, he noticed a man sitting on the foot-path with a caged parrot. This man was a fortune teller who used the parrot to reveal the secret of the tarot cards.

Kapurchand saw a number of people consulting the fortune teller. He too, dropped a coin in front of him, and the parrot picking up a tarot card brought it to him. Kapurchand read what was written on the card.

"Now is your lucky period. Whatever you do will bring you profit. If you slap a man

on his cheek, you will get money in return. If you kick someone, wealth will come to you. Even if you drag a man by his hair, you'll get money. You will shortly get a chest full of treasure. The parrot's words are never wrong."

Kapurchand was overjoyed to read all this. He liked the part about slapping, kicking and dragging a man by his hair. Above all he liked nothing better than a good fight. So he went his way repeating to himself the order in which he should fight; to slap, to kick, and then to drag a man by his hair.

He reached a river side and saw a father and son sitting there. The older man seemed pensive and his cheeks were swollen on either side. Kapurchand strode forward and slapped him ringingly. The son stood up to defend his father. But the older man stopped him



and said, "Ah! Thank you, Sir! Thank you. Long have I suffered from an incurable tooth-ache. Even the doctors were afraid to pull my teeth out. In one blow you have rid of my teeth. Here take these ten rupees as reward for your good deed."

Kapurchand was astonished to find that the first part of the parrot's soothsaying had come true. He walked on, and soon espied a man holding his hip and swaying from side to side. Kapurchand walked up to him and kicked him with all his might. The man fell down with a cry of anguish but the next moment bounded up in joy.

"Brother, you have rid me of

a terrible pain in the hip which threatened to cripple me. How can I ever thank you enough! Here, take these fifty rupees, as a small token of my gratitude."

Kapurchand pocketed the money and walked on. The second part of the parrot's prophecy had been fulfilled.

After some hours, he came to a hamlet where some marriage preparations were going on. Sitting under a pandal a man was blowing music through a long pipe. As he flung his head to and fro, his knotted hair came loose and hung about his shoulders.

Kapurchand saw this and purposefully strode forward. Then he seized the pipe player by the

hair and dragged him aside. The latter raised an outcry and people ran forward to beat Kapurchand.

Just then the pandal collapsed in a heap of sticks and poles and everyone thanked Kapurchand for his foresight in averting sure danger. He was well feted by the elders of the village and presented new clothes.

Next day he was present at the wedding. In one corner reposed a large pot full to the brim with sweet essences. Kapurchand thinking that it contained money, knocked it over. Again people rushed towards Kapurchand thinking that he had gone mad.

Just then a dead snake rolled

out of the upset pot. Now everyone praised Kapurchand for saving them from sure death for to drink that water would have been fatal. Again he was showered with gifts. Everyone thought that he was a seer who could save mankind from disasters. He was put in a golden palanquin and carried home honourably.

When the procession reached Kapurchand's home, his wife was surprised to see him descend from the palanquin like some royal prince. She was even more astonished to see all the costly presents that littered the ground.

Kapurchand explained how he had come by all this wealth.





"If I can slap, kick and drag some more people by the hair, I'll get lots more money," he declared grandly.

His wife said, "No. Please don't fight anymore. Let us be happy with what we have."

But Kapurchand would not listen and again set out on his travels. He came to another village where he saw a man reciting from the holy scriptures. He strode forward and slapped the holyman. Angry at this affront, all the people around fell on Kapurchand and belau-

boured him with sticks until he ran for dear life.

Then at last he came home, and related to his wife bitterly how the parrot's prophecy had failed him.

But she said, "Never mind. I told you we had enough. You would not listen. Your greed has punished you. Have you learnt a lesson?"

Poor Kapurchand had to admit that he had had enough. From that day on he changed and became a wise man who relied upon himself to work and earn a living.



IS THERE A BIRD—CATCHING FISH?

Yes: there are several and they belong to the Angler and Catfish group of fishes. There is a large European catfish which catches and eats big birds swimming on the surface. They are greedy creatures. Then there is one type of Angler fish, called the Goosefish, which will catch and eat geese, ducks, gulls and other sea birds.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

1. *What is the Japanese name for Japan?*
2. *Why do we not feel pain while cutting our nails?*
3. *In what script is the Punjabi language written?*
4. *Which European country broadcasts news in Sanskrit?*
5. *Which is the Winter Capital of Jammu and Kashmir?*
6. *Who designed Chandigarh?*
7. *What is the designation of the Head of the State of West Germany?*
8. *What do the letters A. D. stand for?*
9. *Who invented shorthand?*
10. *Who is probably the richest sportsman in the world today?*
11. *For which book did Rabindranath Tagore receive the Nobel Prize?*
12. *What is the speed of the earth's orbit around the sun?*
13. *Which is the largest animal?*
14. *Which Indian scored the highest number of runs in Test Cricket?*
15. *Bangla Desh is the greatest producer of a crop in the world.*

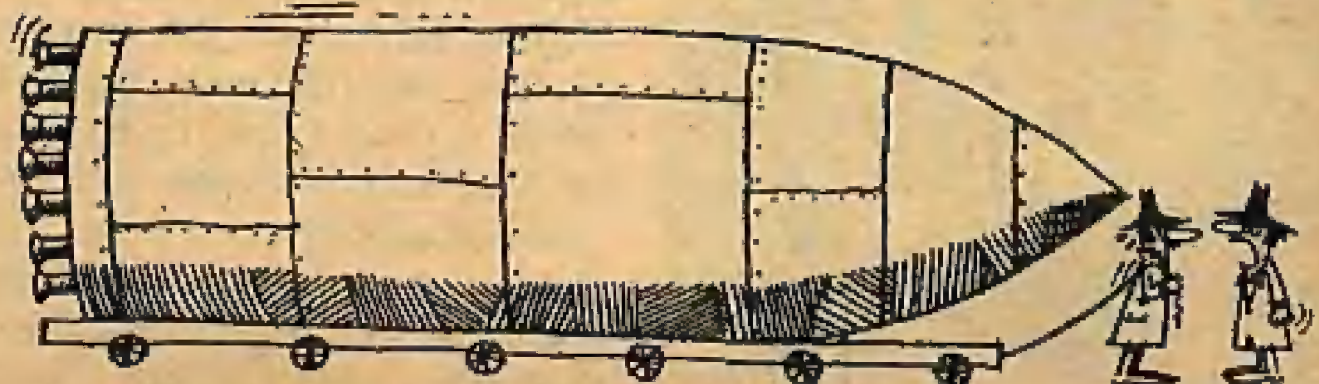
What is it?

Now Turn to Page 61 and Check your score!

It was the hour for the lesson in elementary science and the teacher was lecturing his pupils on gravity.

"So you see, children," she concluded, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us all on the earth."

"But, teacher," inquired one puzzled child, "how did we manage to stick on before the law was passed?"



"I told you to steal the PLANS of the secret weapon, you fool!"

THE WANDERING STAR

Many hundreds of years ago, a man called Han Wu Ti was the Emperor of China. At that time, no one in China knew very much about the outside world. They did not know whether people lived beyond the great Western Mountains, or where the Yellow River, which ran right through China, came from.

One day, the Emperor Han Wu Ti decided to find out more about the outside world. He

sent for one of his Ministers, called Chang Chu and ordered him to explore the country to the West and North of China and he also asked him to try to find the source, or beginning, of the Yellow River.

Chang Chu set out on his journey and travelled for more than fifteen years, visiting many different countries, but he had still not found the beginning of the Yellow River. He set out on a second journey, but this time he was taken prisoner by a fierce tribe of warriors, who lived in the North and it was many years before he was able to escape.

A third time the Emperor called Chang Chu before him and ordered him to set out once more to find the source of the Yellow River, so the explorer decided that the only thing he could do was to sail up the river until he came to the end.

He set sail, in a new boat, with plenty of provisions, up the long and winding Yellow River that flows right across China.



He had been sailing for many months and one night, while his boat was moored to the river bank and he was sleeping, a great gale began to blow. The small sailing boat was tossed from side to side on the rough water and soon the mooring rope was broken and the boat was swept along by the raging water.

Next morning the storm had blown itself out and Chang Chu slept soundly, thoroughly exhausted by the night's adventure. When he awoke, he saw that the sky was a lovely blue, with not a cloud to be seen. The country around him looked quite different. Instead of mountains on either side, there were now fields and orchards. The river looked different, too. It had been swift-flowing and muddy, but now it was a beautiful shade of blue and so clear that he could see the stones and fish on the bottom.

Chang Chu sailed for most of the day without seeing anyone. He did not see many birds or animals, either, except for a large number of magpies which always seemed to be skimming over the water.

Along the banks of the river were many peach trees, all in



bloom and scenting the air with a lovely perfume.

It was not until late afternoon that he saw a herdsman leading his cattle down to the river for a drink and soon afterwards he came upon a girl, sitting on the opposite bank of the river, weaving a beautiful cloth. She sang as she passed the shuttle from side to side on the loom.

Chang Chu steered his boat into the shore and went up to the girl.

"Excuse me," he said, "but could you direct me to the nearest village? I have lost my way in the storm and I am a stranger in this district."

The girl looked up and smiled at him.

"I cannot tell you the way to the nearest village and even if I did you would not believe me," she said. "Instead, take this shuttle of mine and return to the palace of your Emperor. Take it to the Emperor's astronomer, the minister who studies the stars and tell him the exact day and month when you received it. Then, perhaps, he will be able to explain where you were."

Chang Chu was very surprised at what the girl had told him, but he did as she had said and he sailed back down the river to the palace. He went straight to the astronomer and after telling him his story and giving him the shuttle, he said that he had been given the shuttle on the seventh day of the seventh month.

The astronomer looked at his

charts, gave a cry of excitement and said, "But, of course, you must be the wandering star that I saw on that night in the heavens."

"The wandering star?" said Chang Chu, very puzzled.

"Yes," replied the wise man, "I will tell you the whole story. Many years ago, the young Weaving Goddess, who is the daughter of the King of the Stars, fell in love with a young Herdsman and they were married. They were really too happy and too much in love, for they both neglected their duties. The Herdsman allowed his cattle to stray and the Weaving Goddess no longer worked at her loom. This made the King of the Stars so angry that he banished the Herdsman to the other side of the Milky Way, the great river that runs through the middle of the sky. The two lovers could see each other, but



they could never meet. Never, that is, until the seventh day of the seventh month. On that one day, the King of the Stars forgave them and they were allowed to meet."

"But how could they meet with the broad Milky Way between them?" asked Chang Chu.

"Well, on that night," replied the astronomer, "all the magpies from the Earth meet on the banks of the Milky Way and form a bridge so that the lovers can walk across their wings and meet each other."

"I understand," nodded Chang Chu, and he remembered the many magpies he had seen flying across the river that day.

"This year I was watching the sky on the seventh day of the seventh month as usual," continued the astronomer. "I saw the Herdsman and the Weaving



goddess, who appear to us on Earth as the two stars, Vega and Altair, but suddenly I saw another star, a wandering star, come between those two. From what you tell me, I feel sure you must have been that star."

"But if that is so," cried Chang Chu with surprise, "the Milky Way and the Yellow River must be one and the same thing! Do you mean to say that the fields I saw on each side of me were the fields of Heaven?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the wise man. "Tell me, did you notice any peach trees growing up there?"





"Indeed I did," replied Chang Chu.

"Those trees bear the fruits of Immortality," said the astronomer. "Had you been there when the fruit was ripe and picked one and eaten it, you would have lived for ever."

Next day, Chang Chu went to see the Emperor, Han Wu Ti and he told him about his travels and adventures. The Emperor cried, "At last, at last, we

know where the beginning of the great Yellow River is, in the Milky Way. Now it is possible to travel from the earth into the sky, by sailing along our great river."

For many years, this fable has been told in China. The Yellow River is very long and seems to go on forever, so it is not surprising that some people believed that it went as far as Heaven.



BETWEEN THE LINES

In the court of Akbar the Great, Birbal had a friend who was also a courtier. While Birbal rose high in the esteem of the Emperor and earned plaudits for his wit and cleverness, the other courtier performed routine duties and saw no advancement in his career. This so enraged the latter that he became jealous of Birbal and sought an opportunity to revenge himself upon the court wit.

One day, Akbar looked at his courtiers and asked, "Can there be an inner meaning to words which are purposeless?"

Birbal replied, "Yes. There can be."

The jealous courtier thought this was his opportunity to slight Birbal, so, he declared, "How can that be? Words

which are purposeless and nonsensical can have no inner meaning."

Akbar looked enquiringly at Birbal whereupon the latter said, "Very well. Let my friend speak at random. I'll read meaning in his words."

At once the courtier said, "The man who was not born of his parents assaulted them while drunk."

The other courtiers crowded round to hear what Birbal would make of this.

Birbal responded quickly.

"Normally no man ever assaults his parents. Were he to do that, we question whether he was born of such parents. If he assaulted them while drunk, we are certain those parents could not have spawned such as he. In other words,

breeding tells in men and animals."

Akbar clapped his hands in joyous acclaim of Birbal's interpretation. But this only roused the ire of the courtier who shot out with, "The king went on a hunt. A bird saw him from its nest and disappeared into the water."

Birbal explained, "The king shot the bird with his arrow. It fell into the waters of the river."

Again the court echoed to the applause of the nobles who were delighted with this answer. But the courtier was not put off by this. Yet a third time he said, "For lack of enough grass, the donkey kicked the lion."

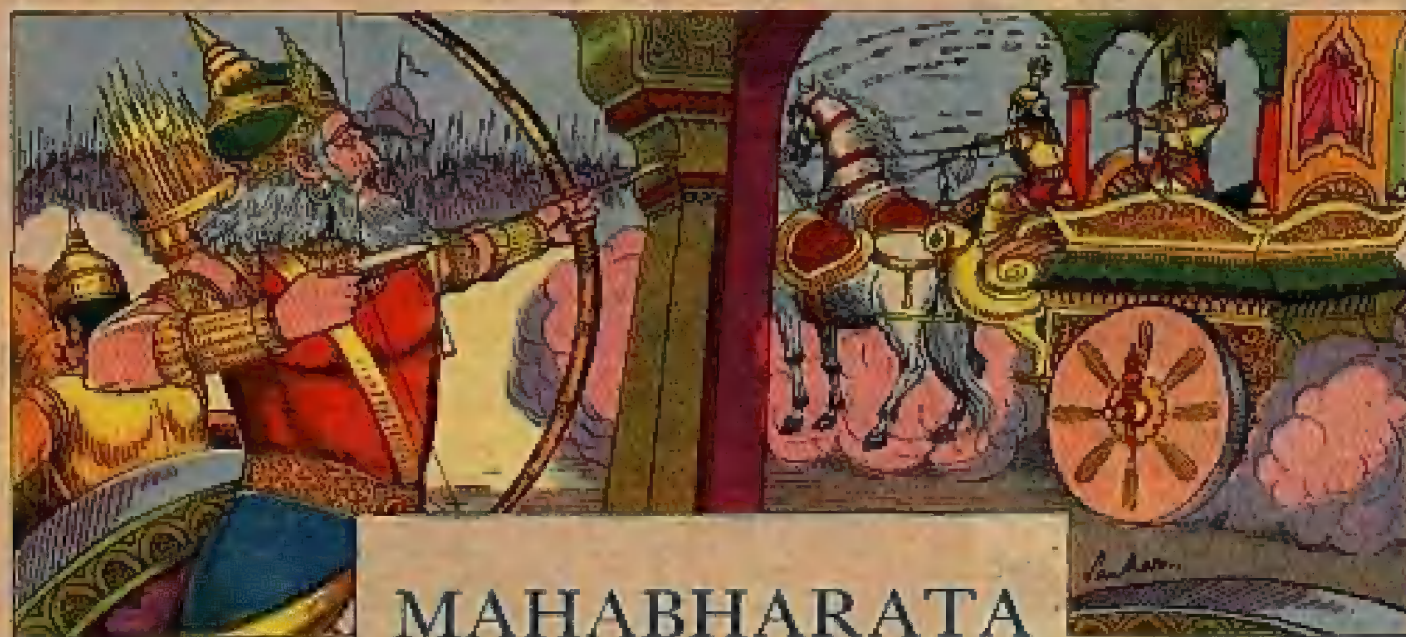
Birbal smiled and said, "The lion is the King of the Beasts. The donkey is its servant. If grass was lacking it meant that the lion did not reward the

donkey enough for its services. That is why the donkey kicked the lion. In other words, the lion is our King. The donkey is my friend, the courtier. His grass, that is his salary, is not enough for him. So he is planning to attack the King. This then is what I read between the lines."

When the jealous courtier heard this remarkable explanation, he was not a little surprised. He had not expected his words to be thrown back at him with such deep insight. Birbal had correctly guessed his discontent. Naturally he had to protest and avow his loyalty to the King.

As for the court, everyone laughed at his discomfiture, most of all the Emperor, who rewarded Birbal handsomely for his wisdom.





The story so far...

When Duryodhana asked his renowned warriors, how long it would take to destroy the Pandava armies, the elders were cautious in their assessment but Karna boasted and asked for just five days time. Arjuna told Yudhishthira that it would not be possible for him to set a date to destroy Kauravas.

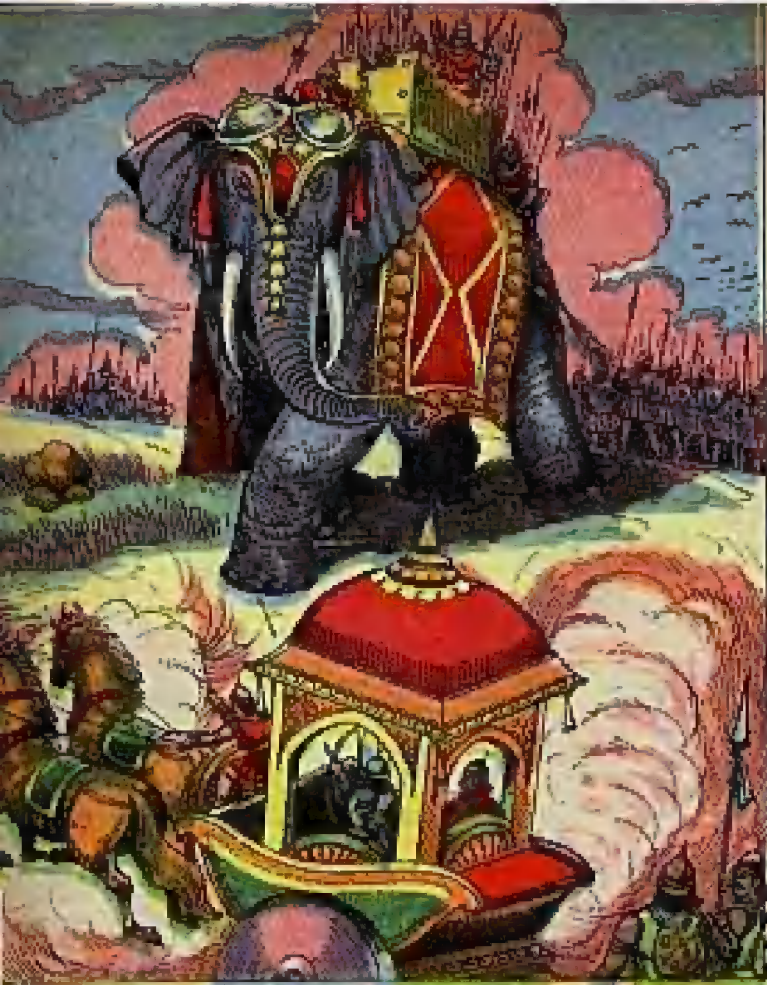
The longer Arjuna looked at his kith and kin in the battle, the heavier became his heart at the thought of slaughtering them, and his mighty bow began to slip from his fingers. Arjuna picked up courage only when Lord Krishna consoled him by asking him to do his duty and not to care for the fruits thereof.

Much to the delight of the Kauravas, Yudhishthira walked to

the opposite side to seek the blessings of Bhishma and Drona. Lord Krishna tried in vain to woo Karna to the Pandava side. One of the sons of Duryodhana left the Kaurava ranks and joined Pandava army in response to Yudhishthira's call. Now read on...

Bhima began the war on the Kurukshetra field. Roaring like a fierce lion he pounced upon the Kaurava armies and began to scatter them like chaff. To meet his onslaught came Duryodhana, Duhshasana and Dunmukha. From the Pandava ranks came the Upapandavas, Abhimanyu, Nakula, Sahadeva and Dhristadyumna to aid Bhima.

Lord Bhishma and Arjuna



were locked in a fierce battle. Similarly, Sathyaki engaged Kritavarma, Abhimanyu fought Brihatpala, Bhima faced Duryodhana, Sahadeva chased Dunmukha, Yudhishthira opposed Salya, Dhristadyumna traded blows with Drona, Ghatotkacha wrestled Alamba, Sikhandi took on Aswathama, Virata struck Bagadatta, and Drupada shot arrows at Saindara.

The Kauravas and the Pandavas fought fiercely. Under the inspiring command of Lord Bhishma, the Kaurava armies fought well and inflicted severe damage on the Pandava legions.

When the sun rose in the middle of the sky, Lord Bhishma

drove his chariot through the centre of the Pandava ranks. He was followed by Dunmukha, Kritavarma, Kripa, Salya and Vivimsathi.

Abhimanyu raced up to challenge the old patriarch, and with his carefully aimed barbs cut the latter's pennant, and killed a number of warriors. Seeing his lone battle, Bhima, Virata, the two Virata princes, Sathyaki and Dhristadyumna, rushed forward to lend him their armed support.

Uttara rode into the battle on elephant back and attacked Salya. But the latter fought so well that the young Prince fell headlong from his perch, and was in danger of being captured. At once his brother Swetha dashed forward and routed the Kaurava warriors who were trying to arrest Uttara.

Lord Bhishma came to the aid of Salya and showered his arrows on Swetha. The other Pandava soldiers swooped down upon the combatants and ranged themselves alongside Swetha.

Lord Bhishma retreating a little turned his chariot round and charged at the exposed flank of Swetha. But the young Prince did not break ground and slaughtered a number of

Kaurava soldiers. Even Lord Bhishma gave way before this furious onslaught. But when it seemed as though the old warrior would have to surrender or be killed he rallied round and with a fresh burst of fire, destroyed Swetha's chariot.

Undaunted Swetha jumped clear of the debris and twirling his mace high above his head hurled it at Lord Bhishma's chariot and completely demolished it.

At once Lord Bhishma commandeered another chariot and rushed on the young Prince who stood alone on the battlefield. Bhishma, Sathyaki and Abhimanyu fighting in another corner of the field saw the plight of the young Prince and advanced rapidly. But Lord Bhishma with a well aimed arrow ended the gallant Prince's life.

At once a great cry of joy rose in the Kaurava ranks and the Pandava legions became downcast at this tragedy.

Swetha's brother Sanka bursting with thoughts of revenge fell upon Kritavarma and Salya. Arjuna came to his aid and promptly Lord Bhishma turned his attention on the famed bowman. Salya destroyed Sanka's chariot, and the latter trans-



ferred to Arjuna's chariot. Lord Bhishma now attacked Dripada and the Pandava ranks shivered at the gory deeds of the great and redoubtable warrior.

At the first setting of the sun the two sides halted the battle, and retired to their camps. There was great jubilation in the Kaurava camps and Duryodhana bubbled with joy at Lord Bhishma's valour and magnificent fighting.

In the Pandava camp, gloom descended on all. Yudhishthira spoke his thoughts to Lord Krishna, "Krishna, today's battle has benumbed me. At this rate Lord Bhishma will kill

off all the Pandava warriors. When we know the inevitable why should we fight on? Why not stop the battle and prevent further bloodshed?"

Lord Krishna consoled Yudhisthira. "Yudhisthira, you must not lose heart. All your brothers are valiant men. Moreover you are surrounded by such great fighters as Sathyaki, Virata, Drupada, and Dhristadyumna. There is no cause for anxiety. Lord Bhishma will be slain by Sikhandi. Don't forget that!"

Dhristadyumna interposed and said, "Lord Yudhisthira, I have sworn to kill Drona. I shall fight relentlessly against Kripa and Salva."

Then Yudhisthira taking heart at such words and casting off his gloom said, "Let the Pandava legions be formed in the shape of a Krauncha bird. Our enemies will not be able to penetrate our ranks. It was Brihaspati, the High Priest of the Gods who suggested this formidable formation to Indra."

As the pearly dawn broke over Kurukshetra, the rival armies began to stir and make preparations for the battle.

Duryodhana saw to his utter dismay the dreaded Krauncha

formation of the Pandava armies. Drupada stood at the beak with Bhima and Dhristadyumna guarding the wings. Yudhisthira brought up the rear.

When Lord Bhishma was informed of the new war tactics, he reset his own formations and advanced to the attack. Then he set about demolishing the carefully formed Pandava legions. Arjuna determined to fight the old patriarch. He drove his chariot forward and soon his arrows began to take a toll of Kaurava lives. So great was his prowess that even warriors like Salva, Aswathama and Kripa, fell back and turned their chariots round. Intending to surround him, they called upon Duryodhana to help them. Promptly he despatched a whole division to fight against Arjuna. But Arjuna proved more than a match and his arrows caused a severe dent in the Kaurava formations.

At once Duryodhana went to Lord Bhishma and said, "Grandfather, Arjuna is killing a whole lot of Kaurava warriors. If Karna had been here, he would have blunted Arjuna's attack. However, you must now put an end to



Arjuna's life."

Lord Bhishma replied, "To fight is my duty. There is no room for sentiment."

Then he got into his chariot and speeded towards Arjuna. Soon a battle royal raged between the two foes. The chariots of both were damaged, and the horses were killed. Even the charioteers were not spared. Arjuna was pained to see Lord Krishna bleeding from wound sustained in the engagement. Furiously he shot his bolts at Lord Bhishma, and killed the latter's charioteer. Though the battle raged long and fierce victory came to neither.

In another part of the field, Dhristadyumna and Drona fought a long drawn out battle. But soon Dhristadyumna weakened and but for the presence of Bhima would have lost his life.

Duryodhana sent Kalinga to

attack Bhima. Soon the Pandava colossus and the Kauravas were locked in a titanic struggle. But the issue was never very long in doubt. With great ease Bhima despatched Kalinga and his three sons to Hades and inflicted extensive damage on the enemy troops.

Lord Bhishma hearing about the death of Kalinga swooped on Bhima but was opposed by Sathyaki and Dhristadyumna. Bhima lost his chariot and got into Dhristadyuman's vehicle. Sathyaki killed Lord Bhishma's charioteer, and the horses galloped off in wild confusion taking the old warrior to another part of the field.

Sathyaki came to Bhima and said, "Bhima, well done. You fought very well. You killed Kalinga and his sons single-handed. Great work indeed."

Bhima stroked his moustache in a pleased fashion at such compliments.

(Contd.)



BEFANA THE FAIRY

The Befana had finished her task of delivering gifts to the children and she was returning home. As she walked over the rooftops she did not put her feet on the roof tiles for fear of waking the sleeping children. Instead, she tip-toed along on the shafts of moonlight that shone down from the night sky. But far from being happy and contented after finishing her task, the Befana was sad and very tired. She felt that the children did not love or care for her as much as they had done in the past. Once, a long time ago, her arrival in Italy had been announced with the blowing of golden trumpets and the beating of drums. Then the children would hear her coming and put their heads under the sheets on their beds and say, "Here she comes, our kindly

Befana." Then, in spite of their excitement they would try to sleep before she came to deliver their presents, but these days, the Befana thought sadly, there were no golden trumpets or drums to greet her and even if there had been, they would not have been heard above the noise of the traffic in the streets. Another thing that made the Befana feel very sad was the fact that the children were no longer delighted at receiving her toys. They were so spoilt these days that they did not appreciate the gifts she brought them. The Befana remembered the day, many years ago, when she had made the toys herself, from wood, with a wave of a magic wand, but these children no longer liked the toys made from wood and magic.

The Befana continued her

The Befana is a fairy who is well-known by all Italian children. She appears as an old lady with white hair and a kindly face. Every year at the time of Epiphany, a religious festival that takes place twelve days after Christmas, the Befana brings presents and toys to the children of Italy as they lie asleep. This is the story of what happened one very special year.

journey home, silently walking on the moonbeams and looking at the stars in the sky. Then, suddenly, she stopped. What was that noise? It sounded like a child crying. She could hear it, even though she was on the rooftops.

"This won't do," said the good fairy. "I am going to see why this poor child is crying."

She turned back and retraced her steps across the rooftops. She stopped by a chimney pot and listened and then she heard a sobbing voice say, "The good fairy Befana hasn't brought me a toy, she has forgotten me again."

When Befana heard this she felt very ashamed, so she opened her large sack and searched in the bottom of it for two toys. She drew them out. One was a toy soldier standing to attention and the other was a toy horse with a lovely flowing mane. She had made both of them from wood, with the help of a little wave from her magic wand. There was a cry of joy and happiness from the little voice below as the Befana popped the toys down the chimney.

Then the fairy looked, in the bottom of her sack and saw all

the toys the other children did not want. Very slowly and with trembling hands the good



fairy popped all the toys into the chimney. As the child's cries of joy and laughter came up the chimney, they drifted off into the sky and turned into bright, shining stars.

By now the Befana was very, very tired, so she began walking on the moonbeams again, back to her home and as she walked through the stars which had been made by the child's laughter, the good fairy put them in her sack and said to herself, "With these I shall make the eyes of next year's wooden dolls." Befana felt very happy again.

WORLD'S HIGHEST WATERFALL

The Angel Falls in the jungle of Eastern Venezuela are the world's highest with a total drop of 3,212 feet. The water comes from underground streams and not from any river or lake. It does not plunge over the edge of a mighty cliff but bursts through the rock some 250 feet down the cliff face. The Falls are so deep in the jungle that they can be viewed only from an aircraft; and it was from a plane that they were first spotted by Jimmy Angel in 1935. And two years later he landed a small plane among the boulders above the Falls which bear his name.





GHOST GROOM

When Gautama, the Buddha, lived people were steeped in superstitions and generally believed in supernatural happenings. For example, they believed that the souls of dead people inhabited their former residences. These souls or spirits lived in the house and were regarded with a lot of fear and awe.

Once a soldier named Samar lived in a house inhabited by a ghost. He had a lot of horses which he tended with loving care. Now this ghost was also fond of horses. Very often it would drive away the stable boy and feed the horses with grass and other fodder.

One day, Samar noticed that of all his horses, a black beauty stood tall and well groomed. In front of the steed lay a heap of fresh grass. He called the

stable boy and exclaimed, "Hallo, what is this, you've given this horse more grass!"

The stable boy replied, "Sir, I haven't done anything at all. This is the work of the ghost that lives here."

Samar laughed and said, "Nonsense, I'll feed the other horses with this grass."

Then he bent down to gather some grass and an unseen fist punched him on the back. At once Samar sprawled headlong on the grass. He was so frightened at this unexpected attack that he ran off, and from that day never bothered to feed the horses.

But on Vijayadasami day he presented gifts to all his servants. The ghost was not forgotten and received a set of silk shawls.



A few days before Diwali, the festival of Lights, Samar went to the forest to hunt. It rained heavily in the forest, and Samar and his attendants were soaked to the skin. When he returned home, he left his horses in front of the house and ordered his stable boys to go away. He thought the ghost would drive the horses to the stable, rub them down and generally make them uncom-

fortable. But the ghost did none of these, and stood in the stable wearing its finery.

Samar got annoyed and cried out, "Oh! Spirit, what do you do there? Do you not see my horses shivering in the rain. Stable them quickly."

The ghost replied, "Let the rain stop. If I venture out into the rain, my fine clothes will be spoilt."

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

ANSWERS

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Nippon—meaning Land of the Rising Sun, in Japanese language. | 8. Anno Domini |
| 2. Nails are neither connected with the blood vessels nor the cartilages. Therefore, while cutting the nails the nerve system is not affected and so we do not feel any pain. | 9. Sir Isaac Pitman |
| 3. Gurumukhi. | 10. Pele, a footballer of Brazil. |
| 4. Germany. | 11. Gitanjali. |
| 5. Jammu. | 12. Between 105,616 Kmph and 109,168 Kmph. |
| 6. Le Corbusier, a French Architect. | 13. The Whale—the largest one found in 1927 was of 32 metres long and was estimated to weigh around 224 tons approximately. |
| 7. President; Chancellor is head of Government. | 14. Vinoo Mankad—231 runs at Madras in 1955-56 |
| | 15. Jute. |

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. S. B. Takalkar



Mr. S. B. Takalkar

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st January.
- Winning captions will be announced in MARCH issue.
- Write your entry on a post card, give your full name, address, age and post to :

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Result of Photo Caption Contest in November Issue

The Prize is awarded to

Mrs. E. Gaudoin
17/1, Elliott Lane
Calcutta-16.

Winning Entry—'Challenging Side'—'Balancing Ride'



RAMU AND THE GOBLIN

Once upon a time there lived a farmer called Ramu. Though he was very prosperous, he was miserly, and rather than hire labourers to do his work, did everything himself. He would drive his cattle and sheep to the jungles to graze.

One day, as usual, he drove his animals before him and went to the forest. As he was resting under a tree, he heard the sound of deep snoring. He looked around but could see no one. Then he glanced up at the tree and saw a small man lying in the fork of the branches and fast asleep.

Now Ramu had read a lot about goblins who roamed in the forests. If one could be captured, he could be commanded to perform miracles.

So noiselessly, Ramu climbed the tree and caught hold of the small man.

The dwarf woke up and exclaimed, "Hey! What are you doing? Let me go."

"No, not I," replied Ramu promptly. "Show me where a lot of gold is hidden, and I'll let you go."

The Goblin replied, "Look here, fellow. I don't know anything. Please let me go."

"I won't let you go, until you tell me what I want to know." Having said this, Ramu took him home and entombed him in an iron chest.

A month later, Ramu went to the forest as usual and saw a wooden beam which was beautifully carved all over. He brought it home intending to

sell it for a good price.

Raja, the local carpenter bought the piece of wood for five rupees.

Ramu opened his iron box to keep his money in, and the Goblin laughed raucously. Furious, Ramu demanded to know where there was a lot of gold, but the Goblin remained quiet.

Again, Ramu locked the dwarf inside the box and went out.

Some time later, a cousin of his visited his home. Ramu invited him to stay to dinner, but the other knowing the former's miserly nature declined the invitation and prepared to leave. Ramu did not press him to stay and accompanied him to the bus stop. On the way, a bull gored the visitor and he was removed to Ramu's house for treatment.

When Ramu opened his iron box to take out some money to pay for the treatment, the Goblin laughed mockingly. But Ramu did not release the little man.

A month passed in this manner. Again and again Ramu had to dig into his secret hoard of wealth to meet expenses. One day he was so busy taking

out some money that he did not notice a thief observing his actions. When Ramu left, the thief dug up all the money and vanished.

In the evening Ramu returned home to be greeted by the mocking laughter of the Goblin.

"What ails you little man?" demanded Ramu angrily.

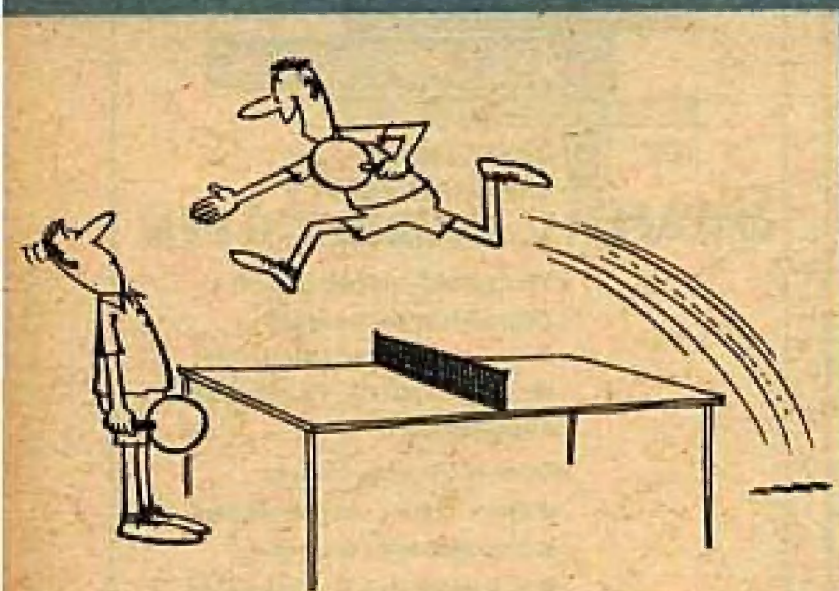
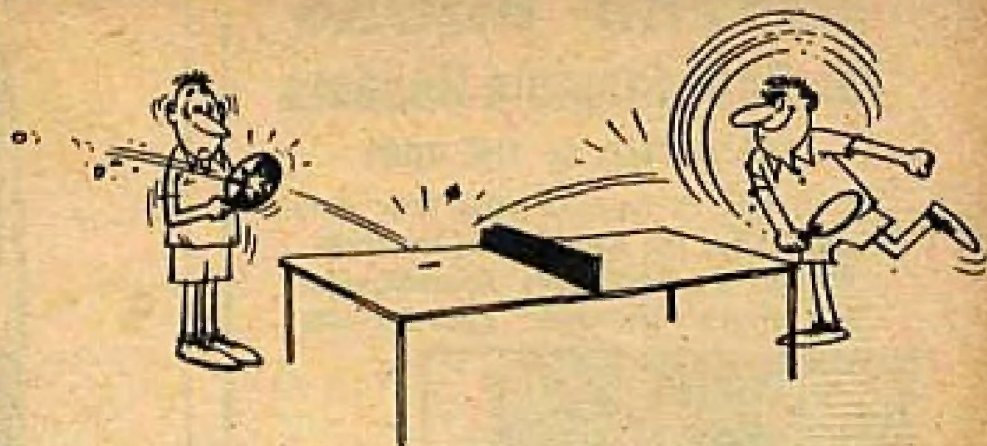
"You fool," replied the Goblin. "You lack sense totally. That piece of wood you picked up in the forest was hollow and contained a lot of jewels and money. You sold it to Raju, the carpenter for a paltry sum of five rupees. He discovered the hoard and has become a millionaire. Then I laughed to see you spend money on your relation who was not even invited to lunch with you. Thirdly, I laughed because someone has looted all your wealth from its secret place."

Leaving the box open, Ramu ran to the hiding place and discovered his loss. When he got back to the house, he saw the box open but the Goblin had vanished. Poor Ramu was left to rue his misfortunes.

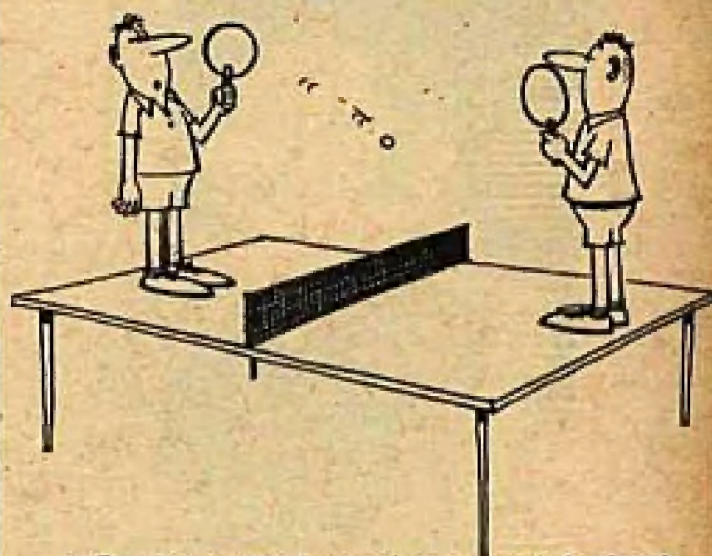
A face that cannot smile is never good

—*Martial*

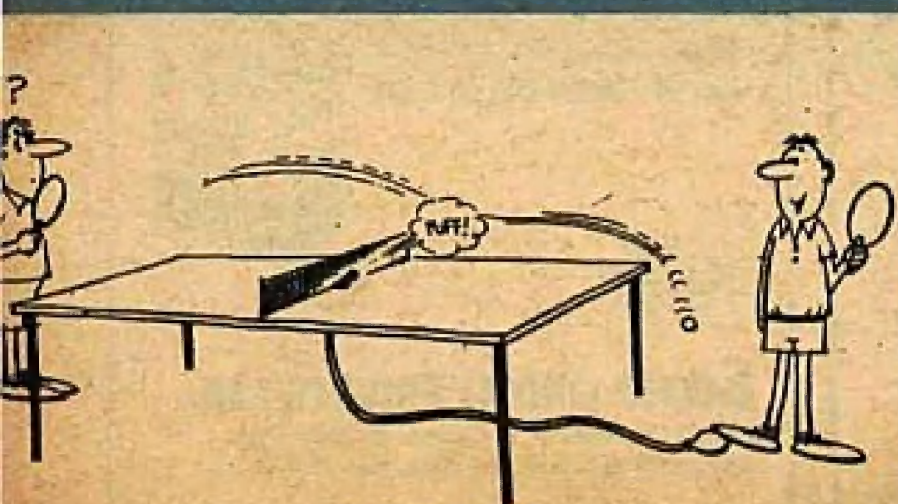
LAUGH with FIDDY



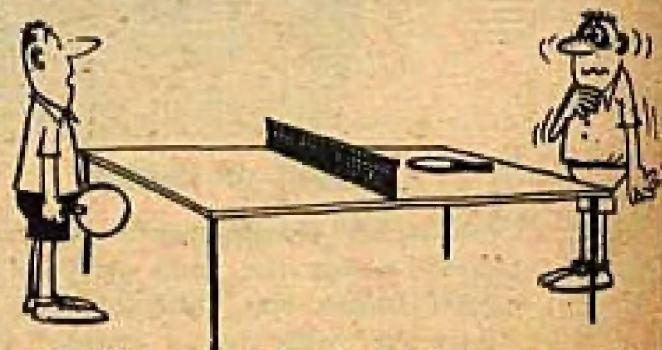
"Congratulations!"



"Don't you think we should read the book of rules again?"



"My point!"



"I told you not to play with your mouth open!"

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